

# STANDARD AND COMMERCIAL.

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## Boil it Down.

Whatever you may have to say, my friend, whether witty, or grave, or gay. Condense it as much as ever you can. Say it in the readiest way. And whether you write of household affairs or particular things in town, just take a word of friendly advice: Boil it down!

For if you go spluttering over a page, when a couple of lines would do, your butter is spread so much, you see. That the bread looks plainly through. So when you have a story to tell, And would like a little renown, To make quite sure of your wish, my friend, Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press, Whether prose or verse, just try To utter your thoughts in the fewest words, And let them be crisp and dry; And when it is finished, and you suppose It is done exactly brown, Just look it over once more, and then Boil it down.

## RANCH LIFE IN COLORADO.

Sheep Raising as a Business on the Western Frontier.

Sheep raising is one of the great interests of Colorado, writes a San correspondent. Merino ewes are bought for \$1.75 to \$2 per head, and crossed with Cotswolds to increase the size. South Downs and full Merinos are brought from the States to improve the blood and bring the wool up to the finer grades. The grasses of the prairie are nutritious, and the abundance of space allows vast herds to find maintenance without the expense of fencing or cutting hay for the winter. There are several varieties of grass that follow one another in succession, some curling in the sun, and although brown and dry at the top, remaining full of nourishment. Near Trinidad a gentleman found in an acre of prairie sixteen different kinds of grass. The pinons, a low species of pine and cedar, grows near the edges of the canyon, and affords protection for the sheep from the storms. In the canyons the sheep find water. These are deep, open seams in the earth, or rock, risen apart ages ago by some mighty convulsion of nature. They are filled with undrained, evergreen, wild plum trees, and cottonwood, and generally have water holes, and sometimes springs of pure water. In times of long rains, or of snow melting on the mountains, they are found with swift, muddy streams. They are wild and romantic in appearance and of various depths, some even reaching on the rivers 2,000 feet. One man can care for a flock of 1,000 sheep, but two are required for more than that number—one to supervise, keep the camp, cook, and watch the sheep at night, while the other herds them by day, the latter receiving from \$12 to \$15 per month, and the former getting from \$20 to \$25 per month. If the owner cares for his own sheep he of course saves this amount and generally loses less sheep, having the vigilance of ownership.

Some sheep men spend the larger part, if not all their time in camp, moving wherever the pasture is most inviting, in winter on the prairie and in summer on the mountains or in one of the national parks. As two men can herd 4,000 sheep as well as 2,000, the cost of running large herds is not proportionately great. More hands are needed in the lambing season, and when shearing is necessary, professional shearers must be hired to cut the fleeces. The preference is given to California shearers, they handling the sheep better and shearing closer than Mexicans. The Californian holds the sheep with one hand, between his knees, and shears with the other, while the Mexican ties and throws down the sheep, sitting on them, and frequently cutting the skin. The Mexican gets five cents a fleece, the Californian six cents. The average weight of Mexican fleeces is two and one-half pounds, and sells at from twenty to twenty-five cents per pound. The average weight of improved wool per fleece is from three to four pounds, and sells from twenty-five to thirty cents per pound. There is a difference of opinion with regard to shearing sheep before or after the birth of the lambs, which are born in early spring, about May. If shearing takes place after the weather gets hot, the wool, having absorbed much grease, weighs heavier and is therefore more profitable to the seller. Lambs are taken from their mothers in September and formed with the weathers into a separate herd, seeking their own maintenance. They are driven out before or after the sheep in early morning, with a herder, till they are thoroughly weaned, requiring about four or five months, when they are again united to the large herd.

The homes of people in this country are called ranches. They are generally built of logs or adobe and sometimes of both. The adobe is formed of a peculiar kind of earth, found in the canyons and other localities, and when mixed with cut hay and water forms a mud that hardens with exposure to sun, wind and rain. The process of making adobe mud is usually performed by Mexicans, who cut the hay into short lengths, and beat the whole mass of earth, hay and water with a hoe, and also tread it thoroughly with their naked feet. Both men and women apply it to the logs by throwing large handfuls, worked into balls, on the wall, and then smooth it with their hands—a dirty process, but resulting in an even, flat surface, resembling a gray stone, which will, but seldom does, receive a coat of whitewash. Another style of ranch is formed of adobe bricks, the mud being mixed in the above manner and burnt in the sun, and being set up like ordinary bricks, the same mud while wet answering the purpose of mortar. The whole, including the roof and chimney, is covered with adobe. There are also wooden cottages, with shingle roofs, but they are very expensive, the lumber being hauled by ox teams. The ranch is often composed of only one room, where all the housekeeping flourishes in the most approved bachelor's style, the larger proportion of ranch people being young men seeking their fortunes. They ignore luxuries, and the appointments of the kitchen are marvelously few. A

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## AN UNNATURAL MOTHER.

The Execution of Women in France—A Wife's Last Request.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph* writes as follows: Sophie Gauthier had been found guilty of a horrible crime; she had killed all her children by means of pins, which she had stuck into their brains. The death of this revolting criminal recalls a few interesting facts connected with the execution of women in France. Since 1840 nine women have been executed, and they have all met their death with great firmness. Ten years ago a man and woman was executed at Chartres for having murdered their parents. In those days the guillotine was not the horribly neat and compact little instrument that it is now; there were steps to ascend before coming into contact with the executioner. When the criminal couple reached the foot of the scaffold the woman said: "I should like to embrace my husband before dying. Pray untie my hands; you can tie them again immediately afterward." This supreme wish was reluctantly granted, for it was contrary to the regulations. Her hands were no sooner free than she gathered up all her strength, and gave her husband a ringing box on the ear. According to custom, she was first to snuff the extreme penalty of the law. Before the man recovered from the stunning blow she had dealt him, her head had fallen into the sawdust.

Another woman, who created great sensation at the time, was Virginie Dezon, who had murdered her husband and two children. She was only twenty-five years of age, wonderfully beautiful, and belonged to one of the best families of France. She had not the slightest fear of death, and the moment the sentence was passed she sent a letter to the emperor, begging there might be no delay in carrying it out. Prison life and the loss of her long black hair produced a much more disagreeable impression upon this delicate woman than the sight of the hideous chopping block and knife. Many summary executions of women took place during the regular troops entered Paris during the insurrection. I remember seeing one of the advanced republican ladies placed against the wall behind the Great Northern railway station. She had just been taken with a recently fired rifle in her hand and standing by the side of a dying sentry. "Did you shoot this man?" inquired the officer, pointing to the writhing body of the sentry. "I did," was the reply, "and I am only sorry that I did not see you before, as you were better worth the trouble." Two minutes afterward she was lying on her face with twelve bullets in her body. Death had been instantaneous; her victim, the soldier, lived two hours after her, and expired in horrible pain.

## AN OLD-TIME MYSTERY.

The following story is now told as a sequel to the noted Burdell murder of many years ago:

Capt. William Hyde started in life as a clerk many years ago, in what was then a humble little tobacco store in New York city. He fell in love with a New York girl, and was engaged to be married to her; but she jilted him, and the disconsolate boy left the city, and for a number of years was believed to be dead. His cruel sweetheart had married a Mr. Cunningham, a name that will be forever associated with one of the most mysterious murders ever recorded in the annals of crime. She became, in due season, the Mrs. Cunningham in whose house in Bond street Dr. Burdell was murdered, and who was tried for the crime and acquitted.

Young Hyde shipped aboard a whaler bound for the Pacific, served his time, engaged in the pearl fishery in the Gulf of California, and at last settled in the old town of Loreto, the ancient capital of the Californias, when he married a native woman, who died soon afterward. About this time he discovered a copper mine in the high mountain known as "La Giganta," just back of Loreto, and for a time busied himself in developing its resources. He might have been working there still, but for an unfortunate, and no less singular circumstance that again changed the current of his life, and again sent him a wanderer out into the wide world.

At the close of the trial of Mrs. Cunningham, she disappeared from New York, and various were the surmises regarding her whereabouts. She was frequently seen, according to the reports, in dozen places at the same time, but could never be fully identified; and her death was so often announced that many people began to doubt whether she ever had an existence. The truth is that, taking a son and a daughter with her, she went to Lower California, and at Loreto met Capt. Hyde. The intimacy of bygone years was renewed, and in due time they were married. The marriage proved an unhappy one, and poor Capt. Hyde fled to another part of the State, leaving his mine in charge of a superintendent, a Mexican. Shortly after the old man's disappearance his wife ran away with the superintendent, and sold the mine for a large sum. The company who bought it having failed to comply with the Mexican mining laws, the property was confiscated by the State. Mrs. Cunningham's children then made a demand for it. It was transferred to them and is now in their possession. The son and daughter still reside at Loreto, a miserable out-of-the-way place of less than a hundred inhabitants. It was once, however, a large city, but was destroyed by an earthquake many years ago. There are several fine ruins in and about the place that prove it to have been at one time a lordly city.

Young Cunningham supports himself and his sister by working a small rancho. She lives in the village with her child. She was never married, and in the haggard woman of thirty-five, old long before her time, there is no trace of the beautiful young girl who played so conspicuous a part in the great mystery of a few years ago. The old man gained a scanty subsistence by teaching here and there, and finally settled at Purisima, a small village above Magdalena bay, near the outer coast. Here he died. When last heard from Mrs. Cunningham was living in luxury in California.

## DESPERATE REMEDY.

Those who attended the sale of animals from Barum's hippodrome in Bridgeport, the other day, report the following occurrence. A tiger was being offered. The bid ran up to \$4,500. This was made by a man who was a stranger, and to him it was knocked down. Barum, who had been eyeing the stranger uneasily during the bidding, now went up to him, and said: "Pardon me for asking the question, but will you tell me where you are from?"

"Down South a bit," responded the man.

"Are you connected with any show?"

"No."

"And are you buying this animal for yourself?"

"Yes."

Barum shifted about uneasily for a moment, looking alternately at the man and the tiger and evidently trying to reconcile the two together.

"Now, young man," he finally said, "you need not take this animal unless you want to, for there are those here who will take it off your hands."

"I don't want to sell," was the quiet reply.

The Barum said in his desperation: "What on earth are you going to do with such an ugly beast if you have no show of your own, and are not buying for some one who is a showman?"

"Well, I'll tell you, said the purchaser. 'My wife died about ten weeks ago, and I miss her.' He paused to wipe his eyes and steady his voice, and then added: 'So I've bought this tiger.'

"I understand you," said the great showman in a husky voice.

## RETRENCHMENT IN THE ARMY.

An important bill was introduced into the United States House by Gen. Banning, chairman of the military committee. It provides that the pay of all general officers shall be limited to pay proper, fixing the pay of Gen. Sherman at \$13,500, Sheridan at \$11,000, major-generals at \$7,500, and brigadier-generals at \$5,500. No change is proposed in the pay of field officers, except the reduction of commutation of quarters from \$18 to \$9 a month. Among the line officers the second lieutenants are to have their pay reduced \$200 per annum. The pay of officers on special duty is to be limited to the pay of their rank, while no officer below the rank of brigadier-general can receive longevity ratings or commutation in excess of \$5,000 a year. The argument in favor of the reduction of the pay of second lieutenants is that they are young men, mostly unmarried, and do not require as much in proportion as the officers of higher rank. The forage account also is reduced, making altogether a total of \$500,000.

## CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.

Dr. Dyer Duckworth, an English physician, contributes a short memorandum on this subject. He was called on lately to treat a case of very severe toothache, and tried various ordinary remedies, including chloroform and carbolics, without any benefit to the patient. He then remembered having read that the pain might be relieved by holding in the month a solution of bicarbonate of soda. He gave the patient half a drachm in an ounce of water, and to his astonishment, the pain ceased immediately, and complete relief was secured. He thinks that, as the remedy is so simple and the disease so distressing and often intractable, this treatment may be worthy of notice and imitation.

## THE ANNIVERSARY.

The New Jersey Historical Society has resolved to have a centennial celebration at Princeton on the second of July, the one hundredth anniversary of the day in 1776 when New Jersey declared herself a free and independent State.

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## AN OLD-TIME MYSTERY.

The following story is now told as a sequel to the noted Burdell murder of many years ago:

Capt. William Hyde started in life as a clerk many years ago, in what was then a humble little tobacco store in New York city. He fell in love with a New York girl, and was engaged to be married to her; but she jilted him, and the disconsolate boy left the city, and for a number of years was believed to be dead. His cruel sweetheart had married a Mr. Cunningham, a name that will be forever associated with one of the most mysterious murders ever recorded in the annals of crime. She became, in due season, the Mrs. Cunningham in whose house in Bond street Dr. Burdell was murdered, and who was tried for the crime and acquitted.

Young Hyde shipped aboard a whaler bound for the Pacific, served his time, engaged in the pearl fishery in the Gulf of California, and at last settled in the old town of Loreto, the ancient capital of the Californias, when he married a native woman, who died soon afterward. About this time he discovered a copper mine in the high mountain known as "La Giganta," just back of Loreto, and for a time busied himself in developing its resources. He might have been working there still, but for an unfortunate, and no less singular circumstance that again changed the current of his life, and again sent him a wanderer out into the wide world.

At the close of the trial of Mrs. Cunningham, she disappeared from New York, and various were the surmises regarding her whereabouts. She was frequently seen, according to the reports, in dozen places at the same time, but could never be fully identified; and her death was so often announced that many people began to doubt whether she ever had an existence. The truth is that, taking a son and a daughter with her, she went to Lower California, and at Loreto met Capt. Hyde. The intimacy of bygone years was renewed, and in due time they were married. The marriage proved an unhappy one, and poor Capt. Hyde fled to another part of the State, leaving his mine in charge of a superintendent, a Mexican. Shortly after the old man's disappearance his wife ran away with the superintendent, and sold the mine for a large sum. The company who bought it having failed to comply with the Mexican mining laws, the property was confiscated by the State. Mrs. Cunningham's children then made a demand for it. It was transferred to them and is now in their possession. The son and daughter still reside at Loreto, a miserable out-of-the-way place of less than a hundred inhabitants. It was once, however, a large city, but was destroyed by an earthquake many years ago. There are several fine ruins in and about the place that prove it to have been at one time a lordly city.

Young Cunningham supports himself and his sister by working a small rancho. She lives in the village with her child. She was never married, and in the haggard woman of thirty-five, old long before her time, there is no trace of the beautiful young girl who played so conspicuous a part in the great mystery of a few years ago. The old man gained a scanty subsistence by teaching here and there, and finally settled at Purisima, a small village above Magdalena bay, near the outer coast. Here he died. When last heard from Mrs. Cunningham was living in luxury in California.

## DESPERATE REMEDY.

Those who attended the sale of animals from Barum's hippodrome in Bridgeport, the other day, report the following occurrence. A tiger was being offered. The bid ran up to \$4,500. This was made by a man who was a stranger, and to him it was knocked down. Barum, who had been eyeing the stranger uneasily during the bidding, now went up to him, and said: "Pardon me for asking the question, but will you tell me where you are from?"

"Down South a bit," responded the man.

"Are you connected with any show?"

"No."

"And are you buying this animal for yourself?"

"Yes."

Barum shifted about uneasily for a moment, looking alternately at the man and the tiger and evidently trying to reconcile the two together.

"Now, young man," he finally said, "you need not take this animal unless you want to, for there are those here who will take it off your hands."

"I don't want to sell," was the quiet reply.

The Barum said in his desperation: "What on earth are you going to do with such an ugly beast if you have no show of your own, and are not buying for some one who is a showman?"

"Well, I'll tell you, said the purchaser. 'My wife died about ten weeks ago, and I miss her.' He paused to wipe his eyes and steady his voice, and then added: 'So I've bought this tiger.'

"I understand you," said the great showman in a husky voice.

## RETRENCHMENT IN THE ARMY.

An important bill was introduced into the United States House by Gen. Banning, chairman of the military committee. It provides that the pay of all general officers shall be limited to pay proper, fixing the pay of Gen. Sherman at \$13,500, Sheridan at \$11,000, major-generals at \$7,500, and brigadier-generals at \$5,500. No change is proposed in the pay of field officers, except the reduction of commutation of quarters from \$18 to \$9 a month. Among the line officers the second lieutenants are to have their pay reduced \$200 per annum. The pay of officers on special duty is to be limited to the pay of their rank, while no officer below the rank of brigadier-general can receive longevity ratings or commutation in excess of \$5,000 a year. The argument in favor of the reduction of the pay of second lieutenants is that they are young men, mostly unmarried, and do not require as much in proportion as the officers of higher rank. The forage account also is reduced, making altogether a total of \$500,000.

## CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.

Dr. Dyer Duckworth, an English physician, contributes a short memorandum on this subject. He was called on lately to treat a case of very severe toothache, and tried various ordinary remedies, including chloroform and carbolics, without any benefit to the patient. He then remembered having read that the pain might be relieved by holding in the month a solution of bicarbonate of soda. He gave the patient half a drachm in an ounce of water, and to his astonishment, the pain ceased immediately, and complete relief was secured. He thinks that, as the remedy is so simple and the disease so distressing and often intractable, this treatment may be worthy of notice and imitation.

## THE ANNIVERSARY.

The New Jersey Historical Society has resolved to have a centennial celebration at Princeton on the second of July, the one hundredth anniversary of the day in 1776 when New Jersey declared herself a free and independent State.

## THE LAWS DELAYS.

Diary of an Exhausted Litigant, whose Lawyer's Family was Large and Clients Few.

According to the Hartford *Courant*, a tattered memorandum book was recently found on the steps of a very humble dwelling "out West." Some of the entries are as follows:

My father had slight misunderstanding with a neighbor about a division fence which he had inherited from my grandfather. After several disputes he consulted a lawyer who had a good many children, but little practice. Several years ago my lawyer said I must get ready for the trial. I did so, and went to court at every term. But it was postponed upon every pretense which human ingenuity could invent.

1870. March term.—Counsel for defendant moved a continuance because he was engaged in the court of common pleas. Court granted the motion, but intimated, with great dignity, that such an excuse would never avail with him again.

September term.—Counsel trying a case in an adjoining county. Judge hesitated, but yielded.

December term.—Defendant ill. Proved by the certificate of a respectable physician.

1872. March term.—Counsel had made an engagement to meet a client from New York, who could not conveniently leave his business again. Continued, the judge suggesting that New York clients might find counsel nearer home.

1873. September term.—Carried the title deeds to my lawyer. Surveyor examined the premises, said the defendant had encroached on me. But another surveyor (partner and pupil of the first one) said that my deed spoke of a back-meat stump in the line of the fence, a foot in diameter; whereas, the only tree anywhere near the fence was a pepperidge tree, not more than seven inches and a half across; case postponed, to employ other surveyors.

December term.—Counsel agreed that court might visit the premises in dispute. Judge refused to go, but said the jury might do so, provided that nobody went with them to explain and confuse. Next morning a heavy snow fell, and the boundaries were covered. Case continued.

1874. September term.—Motion to postpone on the ground that the defendant's attorney wished to be absent, hunting, for a few days. Motion prevailed. I remonstrated, but my counsel said the lawyers were very accommodating gentlemen, and the courtesies of the bar required it.

1876. March term.—One of the jurors taken sick. Motion to go on with the trial with eleven jurors. Defendant's counsel objected with great strength of voice, and demanded a full jury trial, pure and simple. I think he called it "Palladium of our liberties." Case postponed.

September term.—Received a bill for retainers, term fees, clerk's fees, and expenses. One item was for the amount of a retainer which my lawyer had declined from the defendant. Offered him the farm, provided I gained the case. He said that this would not be deemed honorable practice, but would take it and give me credit as far as it went.

Took the cars for the east, coming mostly on freight trains and after nightfall.

Mem.—Don't forget inscription for my tombstone: "Here lies one who died of a lawsuit, bequeathed by his father."

## RED TAPE IN THE ARMY.

The Story of Patrick Noonan, and the Trouble he had About his Clothing.

Patrick Noonan was a soldier in the army of the West, and was stationed at Fort Leavenworth. On the twenty-third of January, 1875, the stables at that post were burned. Private Noonan, being on duty at the stables, worked getting out public property from danger, and while so employed the tent in which his clothing was stored, and the whole was consumed. Very naturally Patrick asked that other clothing be issued to him in place of that lost. On the fifteenth day of February Patrick commenced his public career by addressing "to the post adjutant, through post quartermaster and company commander," a brief but touching recital of his loss, accompanied by the request that it be replaced by a gratuitous issue. To this document he affixed in a firm Roman hand his X mark. On the